

and hope the work of the National Board will meet with the same hearty and prayerful support from the church the coming year that we have enjoyed so much in the past. We assure you we shall earnestly labor to accomplish a good work the coming year. Let us labor to the end that every congregation in our Brotherhood will have a King's Children society organized, before another National Convention rolls around.

ASHLAND UNIVERSITY

has now re-opened with a faculty of earnest consecrated workers at the helm. And now if our Brotherhood will furnish the placid ocean, and the students, I believe the present crew will safely float the institution, and anchor it successfully in a safe harbor. We have here a good property, and with the proper support will do a mighty work for the cause we all love so dearly.

We in convention have set all of the above institutions in motion; let us now keep them moving with a vim, born of a determination that will stop with nothing short of victory.

J. O. TALLEY.

THE FIERY TRIAL.

Fire is strangely intense and intrinsic, it goes into the very substance of things. It somehow blends with every particle of the things it touches. Somehow, there are trials that penetrate so that some of us do not know a moment of life without them, nor a spot that does not hold them. There are seasons of trial—what is called, in the Bible, "the day of evil."

There are the physical trials, the social and domestic trials, and the things that grieve the tenderest sensibilities, and break the loving, sympathizing heart. There are the trials of uncongenial surroundings and unfavorable circumstances.

There are the severer trials that come to minds more sensitive, to the minds that have more points of contact with what hurts; so that the higher the nature the higher the joy, and the greater the avenues of pain that can come.

And then there are the deeper trials that come as we pass into the hands of

God as we pass from the physical and intellectual into the spiritual nature; as the apostle says, "The fiery trial that is to try you."

When it first comes, we shrink back from its unnatural and fearful breath, and we say: "Oh, this cannot be from the hand of a loving Father; this cannot be necessary to me." Oh, the fearfulness of the struggle, the strange, sulphurous smell that comes from its exhalations, and so sickens and withers, sometimes, our spiritual sensibilities!

And then the pains and sufferings that come from God's own hand, when he sits as a refiner and purifier of silver, when he lets it burn, and burn on, and burn in, until it seems that we must be burned to ashes, and we are, indeed, at last burned to ashes, "for our God is a consuming fire." The Holy Ghost shall baptize you with fire. And this fire means suffering in your deeper spiritual being, until your soul becomes partaker of the virtue of God, and then all the fires cannot consume you.

But we must get the victory through faith. We must get above the billow, or it will sink us. The moment you cease to fear it, that moment it ceases to harm you. He says, "The waters shall not overflow you." He says, "The flames shall not kindle upon you." —*Missionary Visitor.*

DOES YOUR MINISTER SUIT YOU.

"I do not remember to have heard in in my father's house one disrespectful or unkind word respecting a minister. That is what we overheard a young woman say not long ago. She was paying a high compliment to her parents as well as to her minister, and she described a condition of things which should exist in every Christian home in the land." "Ministers are men," says the *Epworth Herald*. They are not perfect. There are flaws in character and inconsistencies in life. But many persons magnify molehill infirmities into mountains of real badness. The reckless handling of ministerial infirmities is one of the sins of the times. Poisoned arrows are shot from a thousand bows. A minister's reputation is his capital. It is everything. You might a hundred times better burn his name than assail his good name. As well waylay him and stab him as break down public confidence in his integrity and religious character. A bad man should not be shielded because he car-

ries the shepherd's crook. But the fact that he carries the crook should not subject a man to unjust or malignant criticism.

All the more ought Christians to be outspoken and true blue in loyalty to their ministers. Are others against him? They should be for him, *with emphasis*. Are others talking him down? They should talk him up. Suppose he does not quite suit you? Well, he can't suit everybody, and he is an ideal pastor in the estimation of a good many people who know almost as much as you do. Kind words count. Speak them often. Allow no one to speak disparagingly of the minister in your presence. You will very likely do something to cure the speaker of the habit. Give the faithful man a lift every little while. Talk him up if he deserves it, on the way to church, in the home, in society, on the street, on the train, everywhere. He will take courage—will preach better sermons—will put increased enthusiasm into all his multiplied duties. And you will have the great joy of knowing that your bracing words proved a real tonic and helped him to a conquest he would never have achieved while struggling along.—*Record of Christian Work.*

A PREACHER'S MOTHER.

My mother's habit was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for one hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible, in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfill all her duties, and to remain unruffled by all the worries and petishnesses which are so often the intolerable trial of narrow neighborhoods. As I think of her late life, and of all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed; I never heard her speak one word of anger or calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon the manna in the barren wilderness. The world is the better for the passage of such souls across its surface. They may seem to be as much forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each drop adds to the volume of refreshful and purifying waters. "The healing of the world is in its nameless saints. A single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night and make it beautiful."—*FARRAR.*